

# *Health Readers : Book Two*

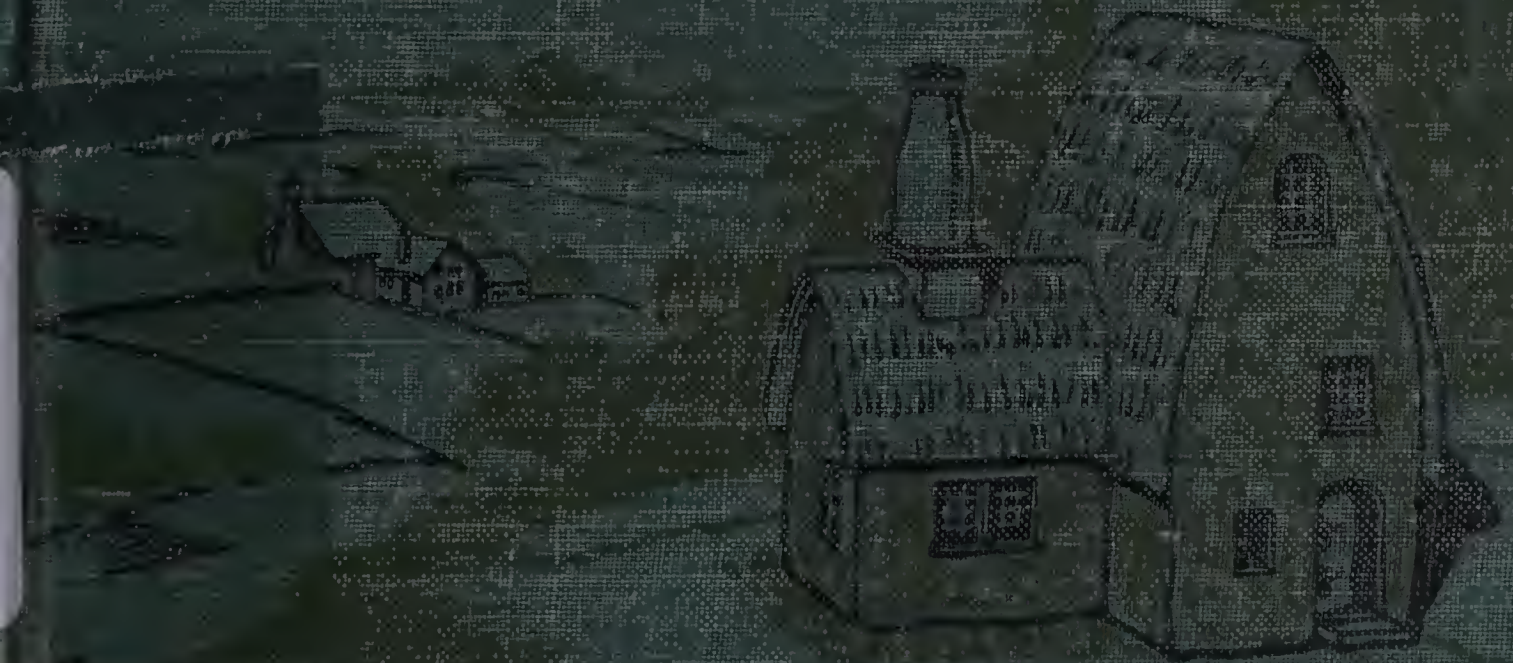
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## *Building My House of Health*

*Lummis & Schawe*





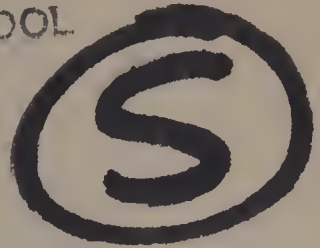


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*Health Readers: Book Two*

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# Building My House of Health

By Jessie I. Lummis and  
Williedell Schawe

With illustrations by  
*Eunice Stephenson*



World Book Company

Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York  
and Chicago, Illinois

WORLD BOOK COMPANY

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THE HOUSE OF APPLIED KNOWLEDGE

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Established 1905 by Caspar W. Hodgson

YONKERS-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK

2126 PRAIRIE AVENUE, CHICAGO

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LS:HR:II-20

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## To the Teacher

Building a house is always a fascinating activity, whether the little child is building with blocks or the grown-up is seeing visions of the new home. Children will enter with zest into the game that is suggested by the subject of this book, *Building My House of Health*.

All the health teaching for the second year may be woven around the theme of building the House of Health, just as climbing Safety Hill formed the basis of the health work in the first year. The children who are now enrolled as members of the Builders' Club will be as earnest about their health activities as were the members of the Climbers' Club of the preceding year.

A definite program for the health work of the year is described in detail in the teacher's book, *Guide for a Health Program*, which has been prepared as a guide in developing health habits and attitudes. This manual for teachers and this series of Health Readers for primary grades have been developed as a part of an intensive demonstration in health education conducted by the Denver Tuberculosis Society in recent years in Denver schools. All the material has been tried out in many school classes to determine its interest to the children and its practical teaching value.

The authors acknowledge with gratitude the courtesy of the publishers and the authors who have given permission for the use of copyrighted material :

American Child Health Association for "The House That Health Built" by Sarah E. Bower, from *Dramatizing Child Health* by Grace T. Hallock.

- M. Barrows and Company for "Milk, the Builder," from *The Children's Book of Food Verses* by Winifred S. Gibbs.
- Hygeia and Healthy Land*, published by the American Medical Association, for "Nine Little School Boys" by Rosalind Sibold and for "Three Little Pigs and a Wishing Ring" by Margaret E. Greenwood and Eleanor M. Fonda.
- The Michigan Department of Health for "How the Holly Berry Almost Lost Her Red Cheeks" by Elizabeth Jarrard, from its monthly bulletin, *Public Health*.
- Mumil Publishing Company for "Bedtime" by Albert E. Weir, from *The Child's Own Music Book*.
- The National Tuberculosis Association and Theresa Dansdill for "The Little Toy Soldier" and "Old Grouchy Man Toothache" by Miss Dansdill, from *Health Training in Schools*.
- F. A. Owen Publishing Company for "Rub-a-Dub-Dub" by Florence R. Signor, from *Health Stories and Rhymes*.
- The Pilgrim Press for "The Story of Twinkle" by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey, from *The Outdoor Story Book*.
- The Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association for "Mother Goose in Health Land" by Louise F. Brand, from *The Crusader*.
- World Book Company for "The Parade of the Vegetables," from *Mary Gay Stories* by Stella Boothe and Olive I. Carter.
- The Youth's Companion* for "Patty Peep and Quackles" by Julia Greene.



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## To Everyone

This little book tells you about Jack Jolly and his sister Joy. They were each building houses — Houses of Health, I mean.

These stories are the ones that Jack Jolly and Joy liked best. They helped this little boy and girl to build their Houses of Health strong and clean and beautiful.

Jack and Joy have asked us to put the stories into this book for other boys and girls to read. They hope that these stories will help you to build your houses strong and beautiful.



## The Builders of My House

My house is my body,  
I live there alone.  
I rule there supreme  
As a king on his throne.

My house is so funny,  
It is queer as can be,  
For it has to grow bigger  
To keep up with me.



So God sends me builders,  
All faithful and true,  
Who make my house grow  
And repair it like new.

These builders are Sunshine,  
Good Food and Fresh Air,  
Work, Play, many others —  
They all do their share.

One jolly builder,  
The one I like best,  
Comes to me after  
The sun goes to rest.

He tells me such stories,  
I'm as glad as can be  
When Carpenter Sleep  
Brings his dream bag to me.

And while I am playing  
In dreams all night long,

He is building and working  
To make my house strong.

First thing in the morning  
The others are there —  
Good Food and Bright Sunshine,  
Work, Play, and Fresh Air.

They will build me a house  
That is lasting and strong,  
Where I'll live very happily  
All my life long.

MARY F. ANDERSON





## The Little Toy Soldier

### I

He was the finest Toy Soldier in all the shop, and he was wonderfully dressed.

You never, never could guess what color his trousers were. No, not the color our soldier boys wear, and not red or green. They were gray, with black stripes along the sides.

His coat was green, with beautiful gold buttons on it. His little round hat sat on one side of his head and was fastened under his chin with a strap.

You never, never could guess what was under his nose — a tiny black mustache that curled at the ends.

How do you think his mouth was painted? In a smile. He smiled and smiled all the time.

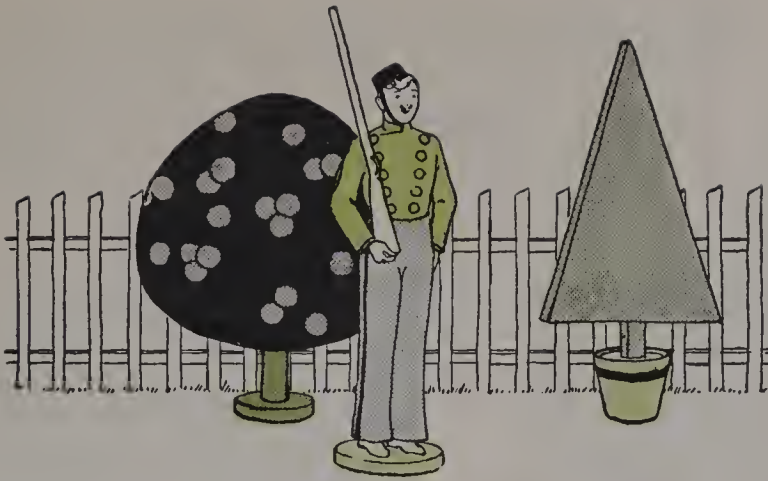
One day a big man came into the store and took the Toy Soldier away. He took him to live in a house with a little boy named Charles.

The little Toy Soldier liked it there the first day. But when night came, the mother said, "Did you brush your teeth, Charles?"

"No, I don't want to brush my teeth. It is too much trouble." And what do you think! Charles scowled and pouted.

"Well, well," said the little Toy Soldier. "I do not want to live with a boy who does not want to brush his teeth."





## II

The little Toy Soldier could not get away just then. But the next morning Charles left him on the front porch. He tumbled right down to the sidewalk.

A small boy named Harold came along and picked him up and played with him all day.

That night at supper Harold's mother said, "Did you wash your hands, little son?"

"No, I don't want to wash my hands. Just little girls wash their hands all the time."

"Well, well," said the little Toy Soldier.

“I am not going to live with a boy who does not want to wash his hands before he eats.”

The next day Harold put him in his pocket and started to school. Then the little Toy Soldier dropped out of the pocket down to the sidewalk.

He lay there until James picked him up and took him home.

At lunch that day James said, “I want coffee, mother.”

And what do you think? He drank a big cup of coffee.

The little Toy Soldier said, “I do not want to live with a little boy who drinks coffee.”

He was standing on the table near a paper basket. He tumbled into it and was carried out with the paper. He was then put into a box at the back of the house.



### III

A man soon came along with a wagon. He took the little Toy Soldier to a paper factory.

“See the little Toy Soldier,” said a big man at the factory. “I shall take him home to my small son.”

Now this little boy could not walk very well because he had hurt his foot. But



he tried to be cheerful and helped his mother get supper.

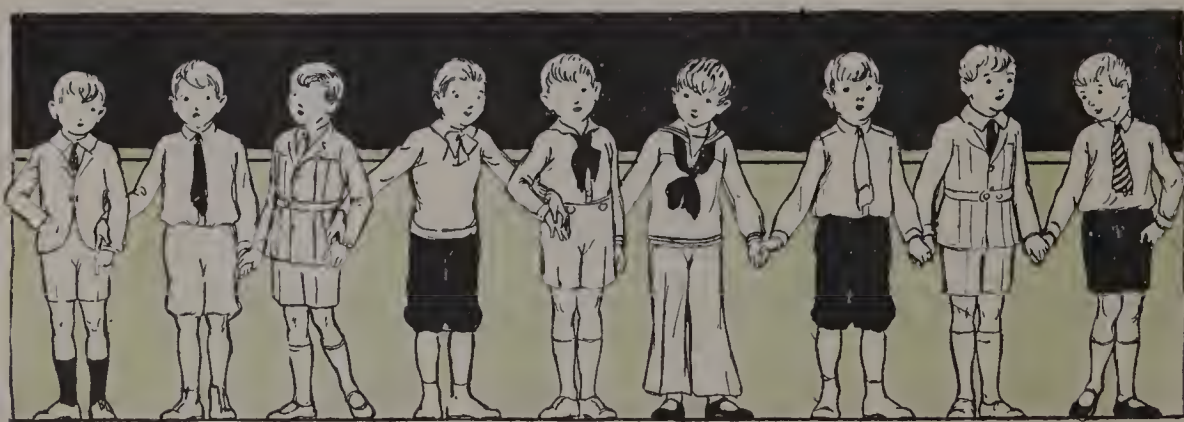
Before this little boy touched the food and before he sat down to supper, he washed his hands very clean. His mother did not even have to tell him to brush his teeth before he went to bed.

“Well, well,” said the little Toy Soldier. “This is the kind of boy I should like to live with. I believe I shall stay here all the time.”

THHERESA DANDILL

---

Jack Jolly and Joy read this poem about the Nine Little School Boys. They liked it so well that they learned it by heart.







## Nine Little School Boys

Nine little school boys,  
All under weight.  
One drank a glass of milk,  
Then there were eight.  
Eight little school boys,  
Sitting up till 'leven.  
One tumbled into bed,  
Then there were seven.  
Seven little school boys,  
All thin as sticks.  
One ate his oatmeal,  
Then there were six.



Six little school boys,  
Never seemed to thrive.  
One kept a weight chart,  
Then there were five.

Five little school boys,  
Throats always sore.  
One had his tonsils out,  
Then there were four.

Four little school boys,  
Dirty as could be.  
One hopped into a tub,  
And then there were three.



Three little school boys,  
Lessons hard to do.  
One learned to sit up straight,  
Then there were two.

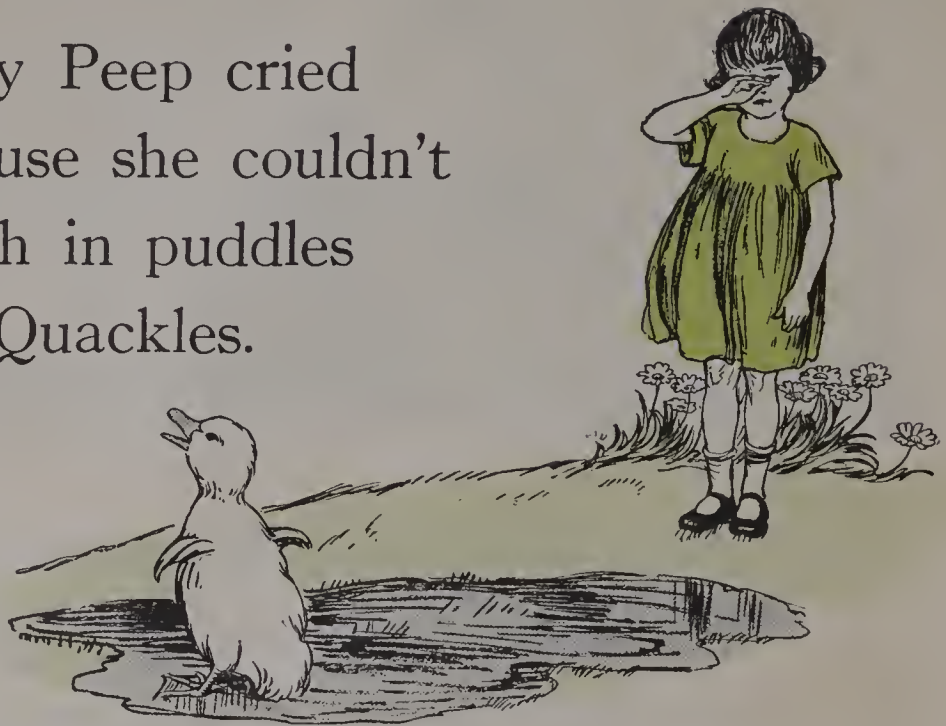
Two little school boys,  
To the dentist had to run.  
One kept his teeth clean,  
And then there was one.

One little school boy,  
Watching what was done,  
Said, "Believe I'll do it too."  
Then there was none.

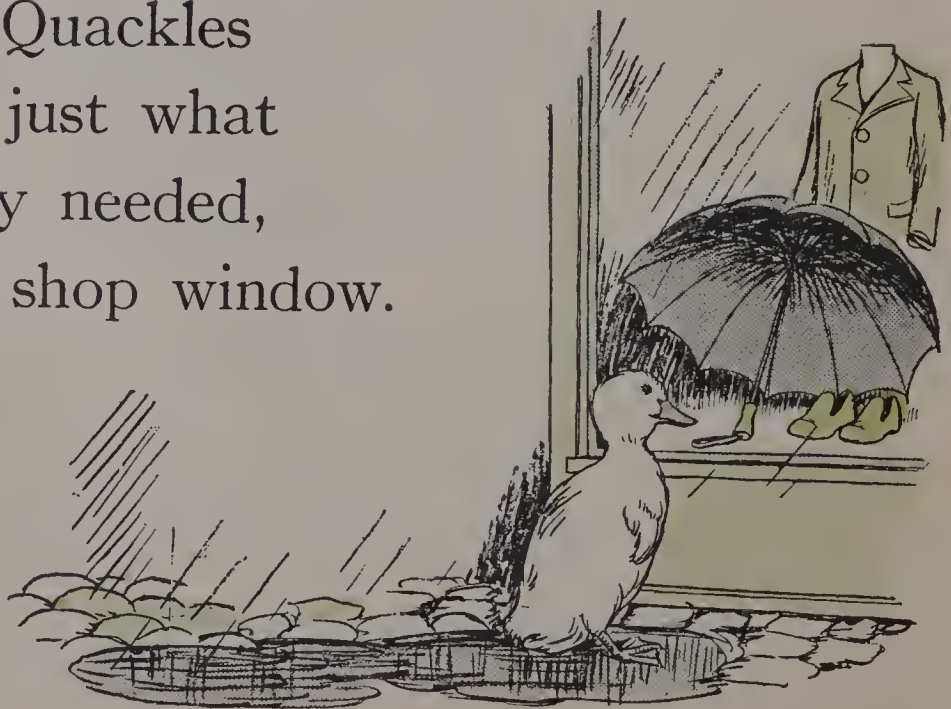
ROSALIND SIBOLD

# Patty Peep and Quackles

Patty Peep cried  
because she couldn't  
splash in puddles  
like Quackles.

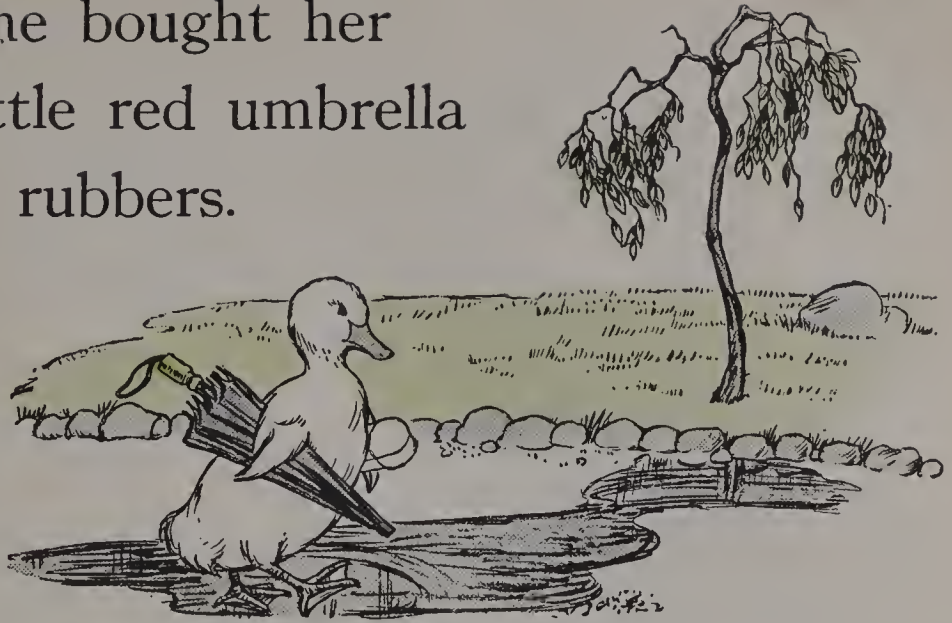


But Quackles  
saw just what  
Patty needed,  
in a shop window.



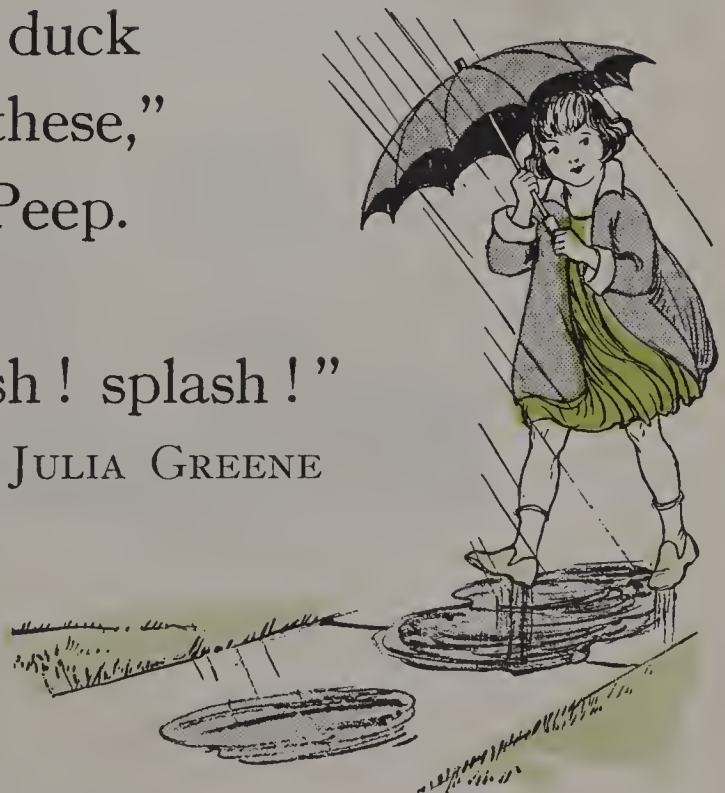


So he bought her  
a little red umbrella  
and rubbers.



“You are a duck  
to buy me these,”  
said Patty Peep.  
“Now I can  
splash! splash! splash!”

JULIA GREENE



One day Joy found that her prettiest dolly was broken.

She ran to her mother and said, "Oh, mother, my poor dolly! Just look at her. What shall I do?"

"Too bad," said her mother, "but dollies will break if we do not take good care of them."

Then she asked Joy if she had ever heard the story of the stubborn dolly.

Joy begged her mother to tell the story. So she did.





## The Stubborn Dolly

### I

Betty had the prettiest dolly you ever saw. She had shining black hair, blue eyes, and rosy cheeks. Her little body was as round as a butter ball. Betty loved her best of all the dolls.

Every morning before Betty went to school she made up the little doll bed.

Then she put Dolly into it and told her to be good.

One day Fido came into the room and found Dolly fast asleep in her bed.

“Bow, wow,” said Fido, turning his head from side to side as he looked at Dolly.

“Bow, wow,” said Fido louder. “Dolly play with me!” But Dolly did not move.

“Bow, wow, wow,” said Fido, louder than ever.

Dolly still refused to speak, so Fido pulled her out of the bed.

Poor Dolly, she couldn't say a word. Fido threw her up in the air. He shook her many, many times. Oh, Fido was a naughty dog!

When Betty came home from school, she found Dolly on the floor in a corner of the room.

“Dolly, Dolly, what is the matter?”





Betty cried as she ran to her. "Oh, your dress is torn! Your shoe is off and there is a big hole in your dress. Fido has been playing with you again. My poor Dolly! My poor Dolly!"

## II

From that day on Dolly was sick. She got thinner and thinner. Betty weighed her on the little doll scales. She weighed less every day.

"What shall I do?" thought Betty. "My Dolly must get well."

"I know," she said at last, hopping up

and down and clapping her hands. "I will try out all the things I learned in school. If they help little boys and girls to be strong and healthy, they may help Dolly too."

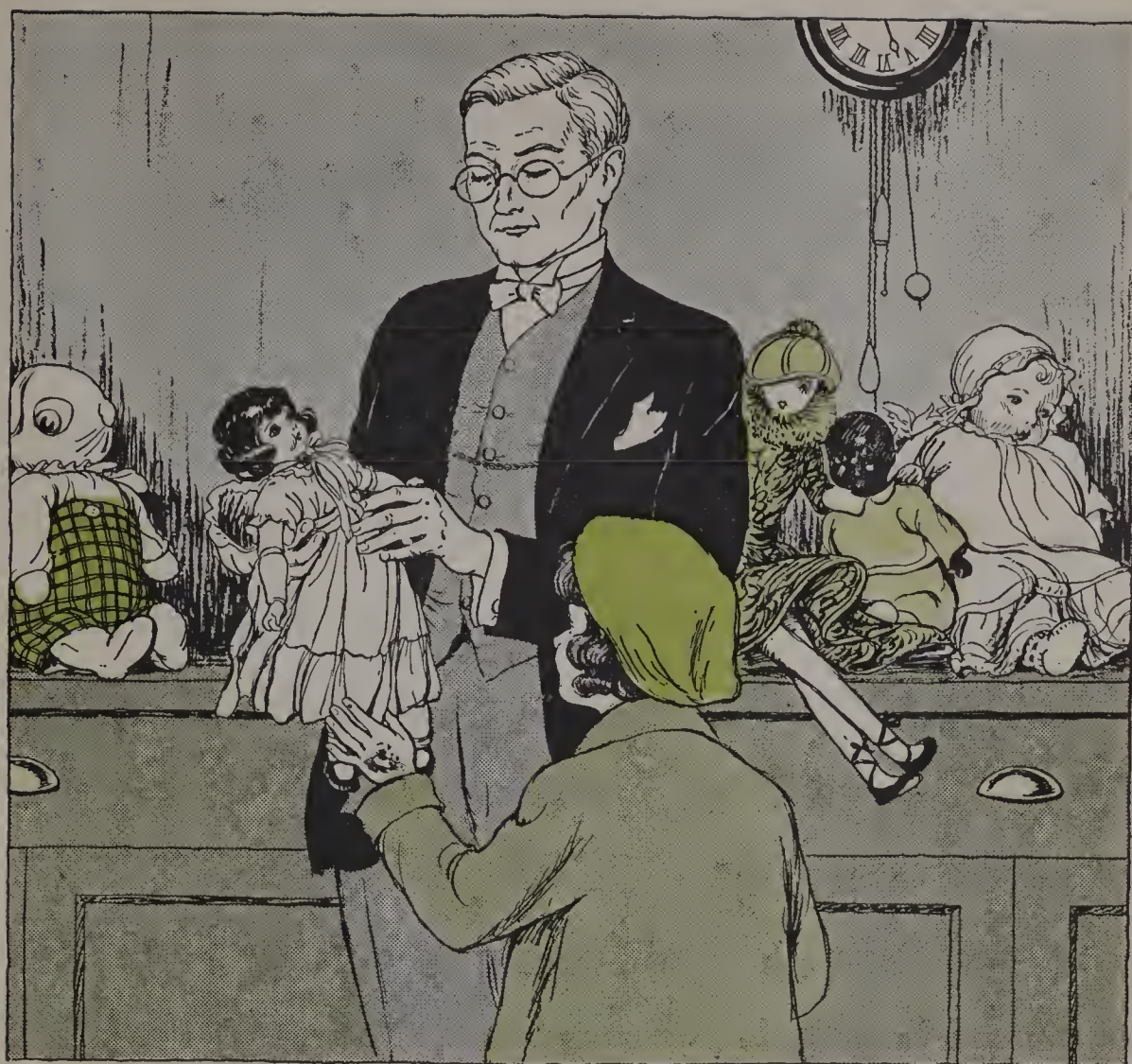
First she put some milk in her little doll's cup. Dolly kept her lips closed and would not drink a drop.

Then Betty got some hot oatmeal with milk and sugar on it. She tried to feed Dolly with a little tin spoon. Dolly would not open her mouth.

When Betty ate vegetables, she saved a little for Dolly. But Dolly refused spinach, potatoes, carrots, and peas. Betty tried them all. Dolly would not eat any vegetables.

"What a stubborn Dolly you are!" said Betty.





### III

“Poor Dolly,” said Betty one day, “I shall not wait another minute. I am going to take you to Doctor Fix-It at once.”

Doctor Fix-It was a kind old doctor at the Doll Hospital. Betty knew him well. He had mended two baby dolls for her.

“What is the matter with my Dolly?” she asked, holding her up to him.

“Let me see, Betty,” said Doctor Fix-It. “Let me see. I’ll soon find out.”

He looked at Dolly carefully.

“Was Dolly ever hurt badly?” he asked.

“Oh, yes! Fido almost killed her,” said Betty. Then she told him all about it.

“Too bad,” said Doctor Fix-It.

“Now look,” he said. He held Dolly up, and some sawdust dropped out on the table. “That is why your Dolly has been getting thinner and thinner. I wish you had brought her to me sooner. I might have saved you a lot of trouble.”

“I wish I had,” said Betty. “I didn’t know she was hurt so badly.”

“You must remember,” said kind old Doctor Fix-It, “your mother takes you



to the doctor to have him look you over. He tells her if everything is all right. You must do the same thing for your Dolly."

"I will remember that," said Betty.

Then the good old doctor mended Dolly so that she looked like new. He was almost as kind as Doctor Keep-Well was when Betty had a sore throat.

Soon Dolly was safe in Betty's arms. As she carried her home, she said to her, "It was all my fault. You are not a stubborn dolly, after all."

WILLIEDELL SCHAWNE



## One Rainy Day

It was pouring down rain. Daddy came in with his umbrella dripping. He put it in the stand in the hall and looked around for Jack Jolly.

He could not find Jack anywhere. Then he saw him away over in the corner on the window seat.

Jack was curled up almost in a ball. He was looking out of the window, with

a sad little face. The corners of his mouth were drawn down.

“What is the matter with my Jack Jolly?” said Daddy to himself.

Then he guessed it. It was the afternoon for the fishing trip with Uncle Tom and the rain had spoiled it all.

He tip-toed across the room. As he lifted Jackie Boy in his strong arms, he said,

“There was a crooked man,  
And he had a crooked smile ;  
He used a crooked stick,  
And he crossed a crooked stile.

“Doesn’t my boy know that Daddy wants him to grow up to be a big, tall, straight man? If you sit all curled up in a little ball, your back may grow crooked. This boy on the window seat does not look like my Jack Jolly.”

Just then the telephone bell rang. It

was Uncle Tom. He asked if Jackie Boy could go fishing with him the next day.

“Oh, goody! I thought Uncle Tom was going away,” said Jack. “I thought we couldn’t have our fishing trip at all. Oh, goody!”

The corners of his mouth turned up in a smile.

“Now I have my own Jack Jolly with me again,” said Daddy. “It always pays for a man to keep a stiff upper lip. Things are never so bad as they seem.”

JESSIE I. LUMMIS





## Rub-a-dub-dub

Rub-a-dub-dub,  
Get into the tub,  
'Tis time for our bedtime bath ;  
It makes us feel clean,  
It makes us feel good,  
So good that it makes us laugh.

So rub-a-dub-dub,  
Hurrah for the tub !  
Hurrah for the water too !  
Hurrah for the soap !  
Hurrah for the splash !  
For it makes us feel like new.

FLORENCE R. SIGNOR

“Ouch, ouch,” said Joy’s mother one day when she saw Joy putting her pencil into her mouth. Joy was doing some number work for school.

“Oh, mother, how funny! You almost made me jump,” said Joy.

“I was thinking how the poor pencil felt,” said her mother.

That night before Jack Jolly and Joy went to bed, she told them a story about a little green pencil. They have always remembered it.





## How Greenie Pencil Lost His Coat

### I

Jimmy came home from school one day with a bad case of the sniffles. The minute his mother saw him, she knew that he had a cold.

Jimmy could not go out to play that afternoon.

“No, indeed,” said mother. “You must go to bed and cure your cold. You must not give the bad cold germ to any other child.”

Jimmy was sad when he found he had to stay in bed. But he was a good sport. He planned to have all the fun he could in bed.

He asked his mother for a pencil and some paper. Then he began to draw pictures.

You should have seen those pictures. There were cats, dogs, pigs, chickens, goats, and horses. Jimmy drew everything he could think of. Then he colored them with colored pencils.

He was busy with his drawing for a long time until he could not think of another thing to draw.

He thought and thought. All the time he was busy thinking, he was also busy



chewing. Jimmy was not chewing food. Oh, no, he was biting and chewing his little green pencil.

“Ouch, ouch ! Please stop hurting me,” cried a small voice.

Jimmy was so surprised that he almost fell out of his bed. He looked all around the room, but he did not see anyone.

Who do you suppose it was ? It was the little green pencil.

## II

“How would you like to have some great big giant chew your ear off ? ” said the little green pencil. “You would cry out for help. But you seem to think that chewing me does not hurt at all.

“If you bite and chew me, I do not get well again. I am not beautiful now. My bright green coat is almost gone.”

“Oh, little green pencil, I am so sorry,”

said Jimmy. "I didn't know I was hurting you."

"You are hurting yourself too," said little Greenie Pencil. "Do you remember where you got me?"

"Oh, yes," said Jimmy, "I gave a boy two marbles for you."

"You didn't know whether that boy had clean hands or not," said Greenie Pencil. "I want to tell you of all the harm I have done to children. I couldn't help it."

"My first home was a box in a clean store. A pretty lady bought me for her little girl, who was plump and rosy and happy. The little girl's name was Betty. I was very happy with Betty. She took good care of me."

"I lived in a long pencil box when Betty was not holding me in her little hand. My green coat was pretty and



did not have any marks on it. My red rubber hat was clean.

“One day when Betty was going home, the pencil box slipped out of her school bag. Everything in the box tumbled out on the grass.

“Betty thought she put everything back. She did not see me because my green coat is just the color of the grass.

“I stayed there all night. The next

day a man picked me up. He took me home to his little boy Jack, who had a sore throat.

“The little boy put me in his mouth many times. I knew the sore throat germs were all over me.

“By and by Jack went back to school. He showed his new pencil to Mary-Much-Too-Thin, the little girl who sat in front of him. She put me in her mouth at once and then wrote her name with me.

“I just shook and tried to frighten her. I knew those sore throat germs were on me. I was afraid they had gone into the little girl's mouth.

“Sure enough, they had! The next day Mary was not at school. I heard the teacher say that she had a sore throat. All because she put a dirty pencil in her mouth! I was so sorry that I wanted to cry.



“Now, Jimmy, you have a bad cold today because you put me in your mouth. The day you got me from Jack, he had a bad cold. He chewed me all day long. You put me in your mouth, and today you have a bad cold too.

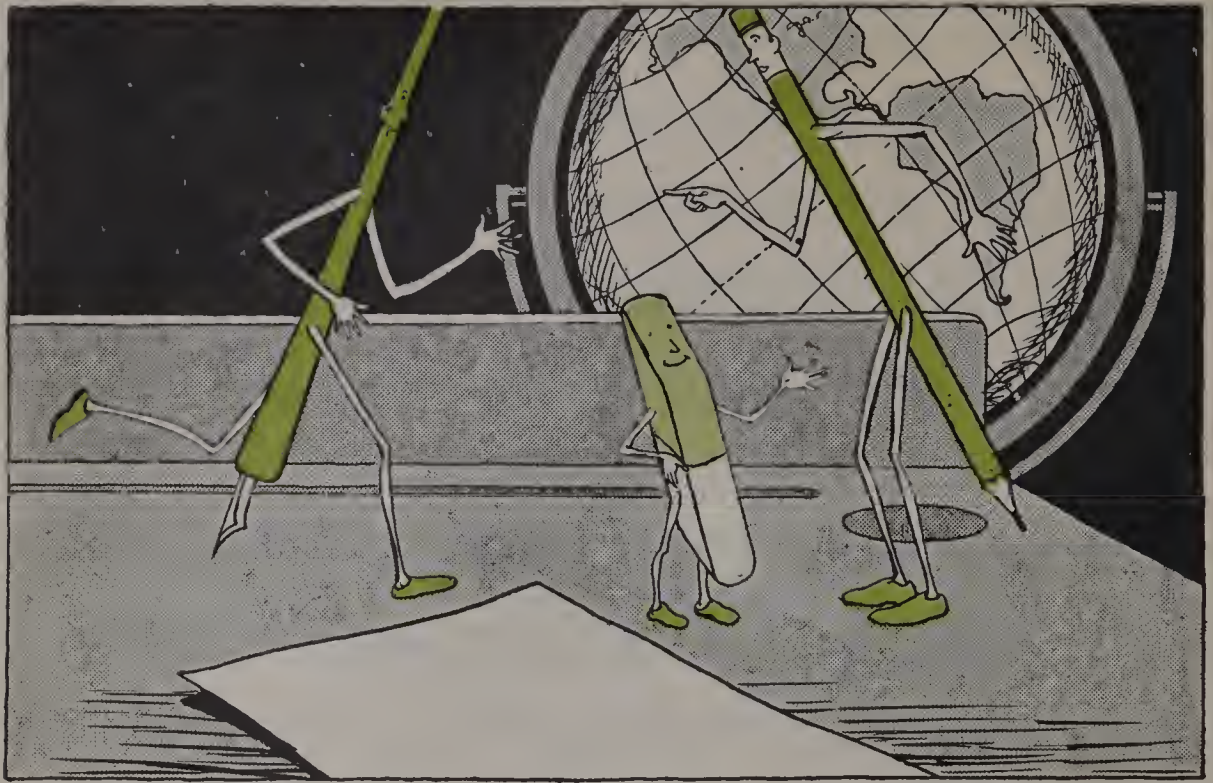
“I am very sorry. But I cannot help it if children get germs when they put pencils in their mouths.”

Greenie was tired after telling his story. He rolled to the foot of Jimmy's bed and fell sound asleep.

Jimmy rolled over too. He saw his desk close to the bed. A green pencil and a pen were talking. Perhaps they knew about the bad cold germs.

Jimmy tried to hear what they were saying. Just then he heard his mother speaking.

“Jimmy, have you been chewing your pencil again?” she said.



“Yes, I have, mother,” replied Jimmy.  
“But I am never going to put a pencil  
in my mouth again as long as I live.”

ELIZABETH MOORE LOWRY

---

Jack Jolly and Joy had a vegetable  
garden of their own. As they weeded it  
and watered it, they often talked about  
“The Parade of the Vegetables.”

# The Parade of the Vegetables

## I

This is a story about Mary Gay and Mother Hubbard Squash and all her vegetable friends.

One morning a little bluebird came to see Mother Hubbard Squash. He told her that Mary Gay was going to visit the garden that morning.

“Oh my! Oh my!” said Mother Hubbard Squash. “How am I going to have a welcome for Mary Gay at this late season? I shall have to go all over the garden to see who is here now.”

First she went into her little green house. She went straight over to the cupboard to see what she could find for Mary Gay.

She opened the cupboard door. Not a thing was there!

Poor Mother Hubbard Squash! What

was she to do? Mary Gay always liked vegetables.

What did Mother Hubbard Squash do? She hurried away to the big garden to see if she could find some tomatoes.

While she was looking, she ran right into Letty Lettuce. Mother Hubbard Squash was very glad to see her.

“Do you want me, Mother Hubbard Squash?” asked Letty Lettuce.

“Indeed I do! Mary Gay is coming today. I should like to have her see all the garden people. Oh dear, oh dear! I must hurry.”





Mother Hubbard Squash ran on. She was almost out of breath when she came to the potato patch. You cannot guess what Mother Hubbard Squash saw there. She saw that all the potatoes were asleep.

“Patsy,” she called; “Patsy Potato, where are you?”

In a minute a funny brown lump pushed up through the ground.

“Oh, Patsy Potato, do wake up and help me.”

“Yes, of course! What can I do?” said Patsy.

Mother Hubbard Squash told Patsy Potato to call all his brothers and sisters, for Mary Gay was coming to visit the garden.

Then she hurried on, so fast that she didn't see Paul Pea.

“Where are you going? Can't I help?” called Paul Pea.



“Oh, Paul Pea, I am trying to get vegetables enough to give to Mary Gay. Will you come?”

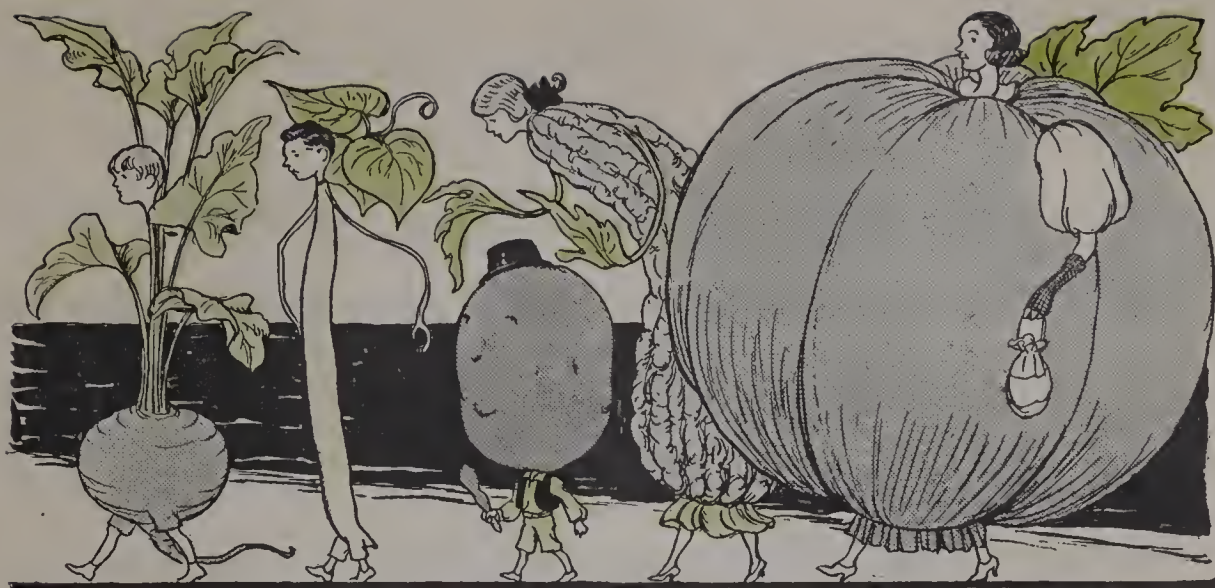
“Yes, of course, and I will tell all the other vegetables,” said Paul Pea.

Then Mother Hubbard Squash hurried back to get everything ready.

## II

Very soon Mary Gay came running in.

“I am so glad that you have come today,” Mother Hubbard Squash said. “I have invited some of the garden people to see you.”



Just then Paul Pea ran in.

He said, "Mother Hubbard Squash, I have telephoned around the garden to ask everyone to come. Ever so many of them are coming."

Then he went closer and whispered this secret into Mother Hubbard Squash's ear. "They have planned to give Mary Gay a beautiful surprise. They are going to have a parade."

Mary Gay ran to the window.

"I believe someone is coming. It seems to me that I hear a tramp, tramp, as if

people were marching. Oh! there is a parade coming!" cried Mary Gay.

Sure enough! The tramp, tramp came nearer and nearer, and then the sound of music. Around the corner came the parade.

First came Tommy Onion, and arm in arm came Sisters Cabbage and Cauliflower. After them marched Baby Lima Bean, Letty Lettuce, Billy Beet, Teddy String Bean, Patsy Potato, Susie Squash, and Polly Pumpkin.

Mary Gay was as happy as could be. She clapped her hands as each one passed.

When the last of the vegetables had marched by, she said to Mother Hubbard Squash, "I think you have given me the nicest party I have ever had."

STELLA BOOTHE and OLIVE I. CARTER



## What Happened to Frowsy Peter

If Peter had obeyed his wise, wise father and his kind, kind mother, this story would never have been written. But Peter did not obey his wise, wise father and his kind, kind mother and this is what happened.

Peter sucked his thumb all the time. He was not ashamed to suck his thumb before his father, or his mother, or his sisters, or his brothers, or his teacher, or his playmates.

He sucked his thumb so much that it grew longer and longer and thinner and thinner. His thumb didn't look as if it belonged to his hand at all.

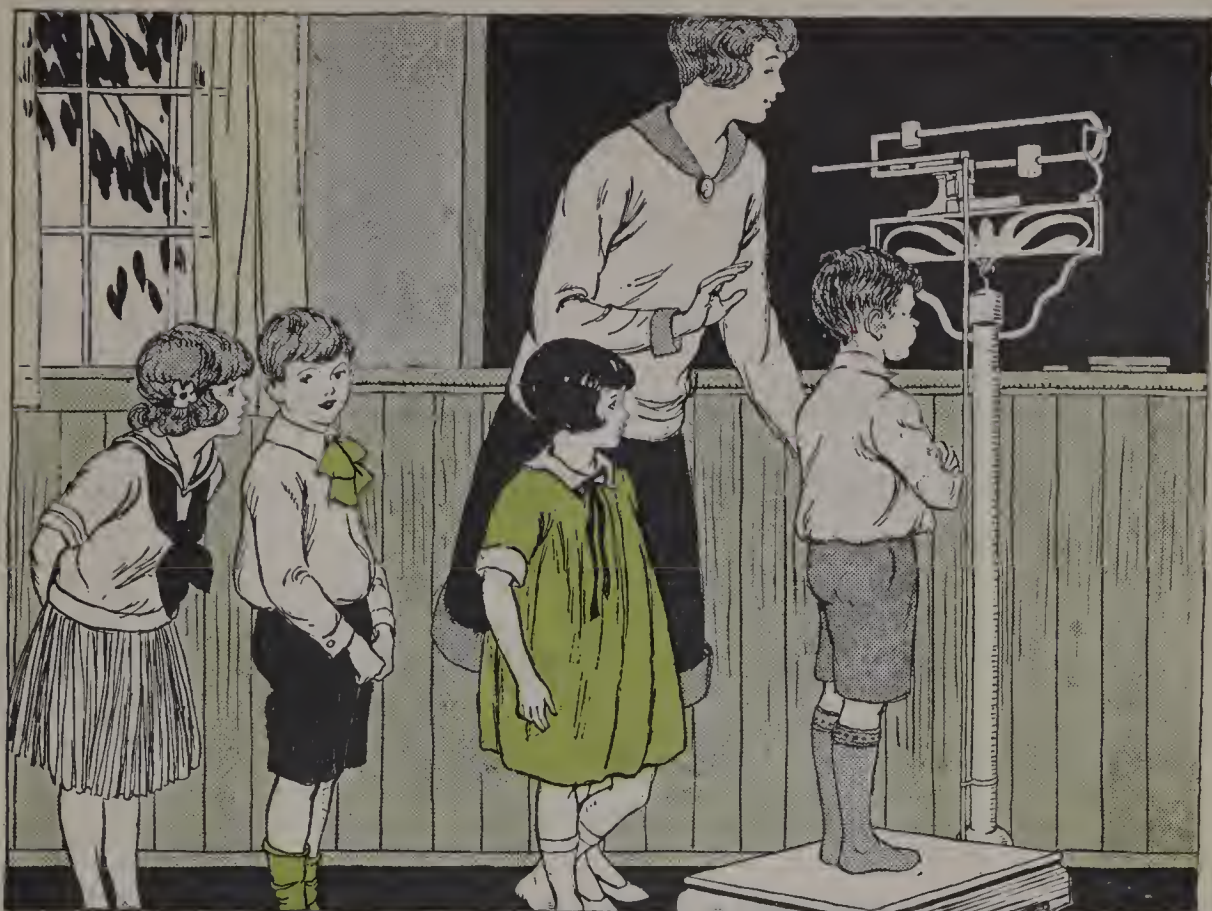
When his mother told him to take his thumb out of his mouth, he did it for a minute, but then he put it right back in again.

His mouth grew out of shape. How badly it must have felt with a dirty old thumb in it all the time!

When Peter's father wanted to take him to the barber shop to get his hair cut, he put his thumb in his mouth and ran away and hid. So his hair grew long and shaggy, and his thumb grew large and ugly. The boys called him Frowsy Peter.

The very last time Peter's father wanted to have his hair cut, Peter ran away and hid for a long, long time. When he did come home, his father and mother didn't know him any more.

WILLIEDELL SCHAWÉ



## Tired Jim

### I

Jimmy put his hand over his mouth to catch a yawn. He did not want his teacher to see it. This was the first week of school and it was hard to sit still so long.

Miss Hood knew that little boys and girls get tired if they do one thing too long at a time. She often stopped all

work and let them play a game or told them a story.

Jimmy was just opening his mouth for another yawn. But he stopped when he heard a strange noise in the hall. All the children turned their heads to see what it was.

It was another of Miss Hood's surprises. She pushed into the room a big white scale. When the children saw the scale, they clapped their hands, for they liked to be weighed.

"Now," said Miss Hood, "I want to find out how many of my boys and girls are growing as fast as they should. The big scale can tell me. You may take off your shoes."

The children quickly got ready. "Click, click, click," went the strings as they were pulled out of the shoes.

Soon all the children were standing in



line ready to be weighed and measured. Miss Hood put down in a black book how much they weighed and how tall they were.

When it was Jimmy's turn, he asked in a soft little voice, "Miss Hood, do I weigh as much as I should?"

Miss Hood looked at him for a moment, then at her book. She shook her head.

"No, Jimmy," she said, "you need to weigh about eight more pounds before you are as big and as strong as a seven-year-old boy should be. It would please me very much if you could gain those eight pounds in the next two months. Then you would have more fun. You could play more of our hard games. You would not always be tired."

## II

It was too bad Miss Hood said that Jimmy was always tired. From that day all the boys called him Tired Jim. When they met him, they called out, "Hello, Tired Jim."

Jimmy knew that he was always tired. He was tired when he got up in the morning. He was tired in school. Sometimes he was too tired to go to sleep at night.

But he didn't like to be called Tired Jim. If they would only say "Jim," he would like that. It would sound more grown up.

You might think that Tired Jim would get used to his new name, but he didn't. He never liked it. He thought about it in school. He thought about it when he went to bed at night.

One day he made up his mind that he

was going to gain those eight pounds. Then perhaps he might get over feeling tired. But where could he find eight pounds?

Now perhaps you can tell why Tired Jim did not weigh as much as he should. It was because he didn't eat the right foods. He liked candy very much. He even drank coffee for breakfast. He said he hated milk. There were only one or two vegetables that he would eat.

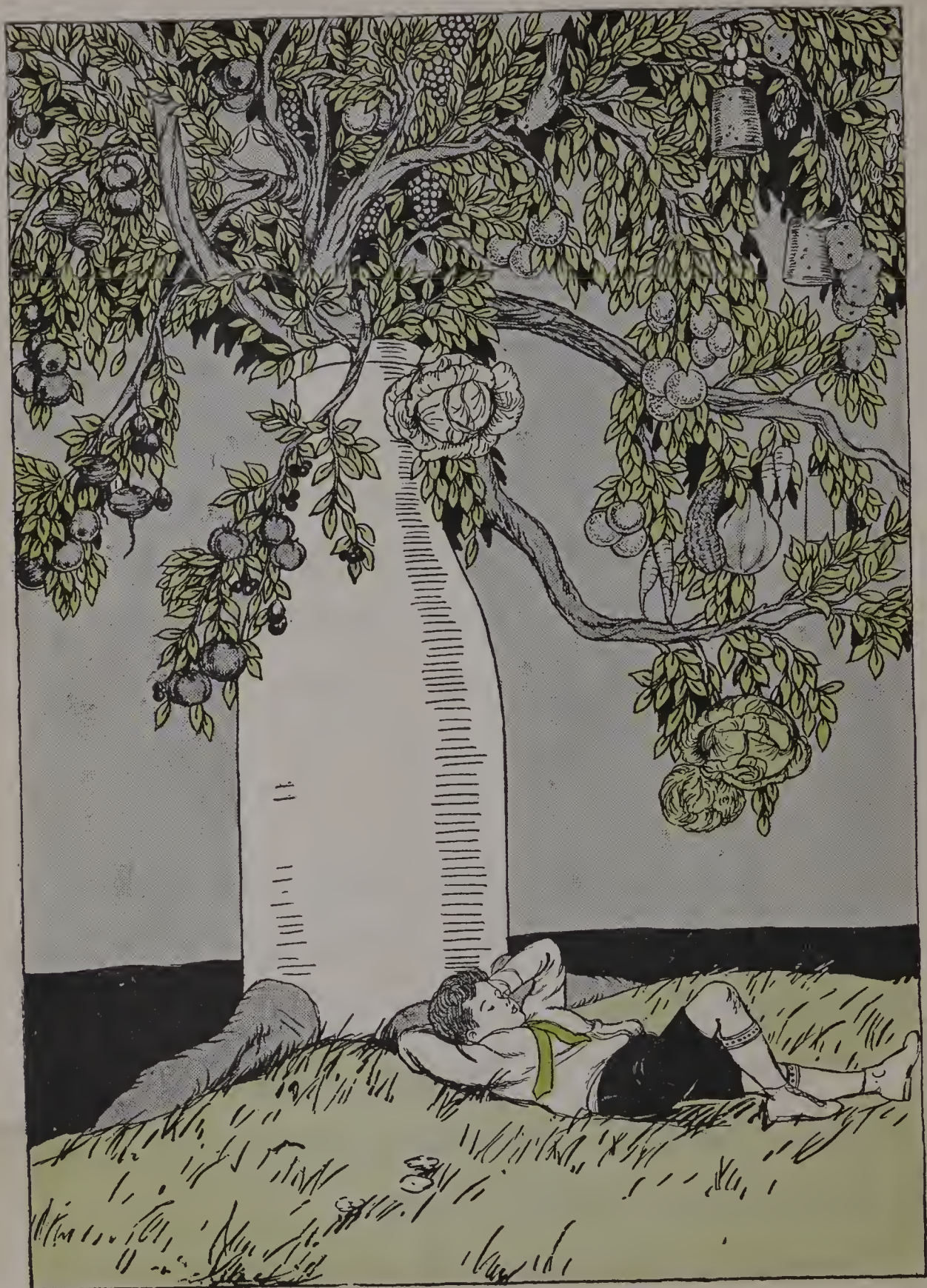
### III

One day Jimmy lay under an old oak tree in the back yard. Suddenly the whole tree seemed to change.

"I never knew before that this tree was so pretty," thought Jimmy. "Look, it has a snow-white trunk.

"Some of the branches have red things growing on them. Some of the branches







have yellow things growing on them. Others have brown and green things on them. It looks like a Christmas tree," said Jimmy out loud. "I never knew we had such a tree in our yard."

"You haven't had your eyes open," said a soft little voice.

Tired Jim looked all around him. Away up in the top of the tree he saw the prettiest red bird he had ever seen.

"How are you?" said Red Bird.

"Just a little tired," said Jimmy.

"I thought so," said Red Bird. "Do you want me to show you what kind of tree this is?"

"I wish you would," said Tired Jim.

Then the little bird flew down nearer to Tired Jim.

"Can't you guess what makes the tree look white?" asked Red Bird.

"No, I can't guess," answered Tired Jim.

“If you drank enough milk, you would see that this is a big milk bottle. Can’t you see that this is the Health Tree? Every part of it holds something you need to make you strong, Tired Jim.”

“How do you know my name?” asked Jim.

“I can’t tell you,” said Red Bird. “That is a secret.”

Red Bird flew away for a minute and came back from the garden with a large white lily in his mouth.

He flew to the trunk of the tree and opened a tiny door. Then he filled the lily cup with rich, sweet milk and gave it to Tired Jim.

“Taste this and see how good it is,” said the little bird.

Tired Jim thought he did not like milk. But Red Bird had been kind to him, so he tasted the milk.



“My, how good it is!” said Tired Jim.  
“I never knew milk was good.”

He didn't leave a drop of milk in the lily cup.

“Why don't you drink four glasses

every day?" asked Red Bird. "If you did, you might not always be tired."

"Will it help me gain in weight?" asked Tired Jim.

"You might try it," answered Red Bird. "I have told many boys and girls to drink milk. You should see how healthy and strong they are."

#### IV

Then Red Bird flew to one of the red branches of the tree. He hopped on it so hard that a big red apple fell right down at Tired Jim's feet.

He hopped again and again. One after another red tomatoes, red beets, red plums, and red cherries fell down.

"That apple smells good," said Tired Jim.

"Just eat it and you will find out that it tastes better than it smells," said



Red Bird. "If you would learn to eat all the good things that grow on this tree, you would soon be a strong boy."

"This is a wonderful tree," said Tired Jim. "What did you call it a little while ago?"

"You are a funny boy. You are too tired to remember, Tired Jim. I said it was the Health Tree. You must try to remember all the things that grow on it. If you do, you will be a wise boy."

Then little Red Bird hopped on a yellow branch. Down fell yellow carrots, yellow lemons, yellow oranges, yellow squashes, and even bricks of yellow butter.

Tired Jim laughed out loud. "Wouldn't Bossy Cow be surprised to see her yellow butter hanging on a tree? And Mother Hubbard Squash would not know where to find her little squashes," he said.

From another branch fell brown prunes,

brown dates, brown figs, and even potatoes and brown bread.

On a green branch Tired Jim saw green spinach, green lettuce, green cabbage, and green peas. They dropped down to the ground like little leaves.

V

All of a sudden a strong wind blew. It blew so hard that Red Bird had to hold on tight to keep from falling off the Health Tree.

One little red apple didn't hold on tight enough. Down it fell — down, down, right on Tired Jim's nose.

“Oh!” said Tired Jim. He rubbed his





nose with his hand and what do you think? It didn't hurt at all, but it was wet.

Raindrops were coming down patter, patter. A big drop fell on Tired Jim's nose. His whole face was wet.

He looked up at the Health Tree, and it wasn't there at all! There stood the old oak tree just as when he first lay down under it. Little Red Bird was gone.

"I have been asleep," said Tired Jim, rubbing his sleepy eyes. "What a funny dream I had!"

He ran into the house to tell his mother all about the Health Tree and little Red Bird.

Two months passed. You would never have known that this boy was the same Tired Jim. He didn't get tired now. His cheeks were rosy and round. The boys did not call him Tired Jim any more.

It was the happiest day of the whole year when the big white scale told him he had gained ten pounds.

WILLIEDELL SCHAWÉ







## Milk, the Builder

I build your bones to make you straight,  
I build your flesh to give you weight,  
I help make blood, I keep you warm,  
Sing Ho,  
For Milk,  
The Builder!

And then I make your body grow,  
Till you are big and strong, you know,  
So lift your glass of milk on high,  
Sing Ho,  
For Milk,  
The Builder!

WINIFRED STUART GIBBS

One day Joy begged her mother to let her buy some lollipops from the push cart going down the street. Mother shook her head and said, "Let me tell you 'The Sad, Sad Story of the Lollipop Girl.'"

Joy called Jack, and when he came, mother told them this story.

## The Sad, Sad Story of the Lollipop Girl

### I

"Babs," called a voice from the back porch; "Babs, come here."

A little girl with brown eyes and golden curls ran into the house.

"What do you want, mother?"

"Would you like to go with Lottie and her big sister to the fair?"

"Oh, please," replied Babs, jumping up and down and clapping her hands. "And, mother dear, may I spend the ten pennies that I have saved?"



“Of course you may, Babs. Have a good time and remember to come home early,” said her mother.

So the two little girls and the big sister started on their way to the fair.

The fair was a busy place. There were so many people and so many things to

look at! The children kept turning their heads in order to see it all.

Now all this time Babs was holding her ten little brown pennies in her hand very tightly. "What shall I buy?" she kept saying to herself.

She looked at the merry-go-round. She could ride twice on it for ten cents. The popcorn and peanuts smelled good. She might draw something wonderful from the fish pond.

"What shall I buy?" thought Babs again.

Suddenly she saw a glass jar filled with big red lollipops. Each lollipop was wrapped in thin paper.

"Lollipops, lollipops," cried the man who sold them. "Penny apiece, penny apiece, dozen for a dime."

Babs was a very little girl, but she knew that a dime is ten cents. She knew that a dozen lollipops are more than ten





lollipops. So she bought the dozen lollipops and handed her ten brown pennies to the man.

She offered them to her friends. They each took one, but she made them take two apiece.

Then Babs took one and put the others into her pocket. She walked up and down in front of the booths sucking her lollipop.

Babs knew that she should not eat candy between meals. She knew that one lollipop is enough at any time. But these lollipops were so good that she forgot. As soon as she had eaten one, she took another.

Babs passed the booths so often that the men began to watch her. The man who sold balloons laughed and said, "Hello, little lollipop girl." The popcorn man laughed and said, "You like lollipops, don't you?"

Babs didn't like to be called a lollipop girl.

Her little friend Lottie said to her big sister, "Did you hear what that man called Babs? He called her a lollipop girl."

Babs took the last lollipop from her mouth and threw it on the ground. It was not just because the man had called her the lollipop girl that she threw it away. Seven lollipops in her little stomach were making trouble.

Babs didn't like these aches and pains. She was all ready to go home.

She was ashamed to tell her mother how she had spent the ten brown pennies. She had to tell how many lollipops she had eaten too.

Babs didn't want any supper that night. She didn't want to talk about the fair. She didn't want to take the castor oil her mother gave her when she was in bed.



## II

After a long time Babs went to sleep. She dreamed that she was back at the fair. She had lost her friends and was running around trying to find them.

She passed through the big gate and went into some dark woods. All the trees were lollipops.

She saw a house which she thought was her own home. She ran toward it. When she came near, she saw it was all made of lollipops.

An old witch with a big lollipop for a nose came out to catch her. Oh, how Babs did run! She nearly fell on the rocks, which were all lollipops.

Suddenly she came to a fence made of lollipops. As she climbed over to get away from the witch, she stuck to the lollipop fence.

The witch came closer and closer. Just





as she was reaching out a hand to grab the poor child, Babs woke up.

How glad she was that it was morning! She was in her own little bed with her dear mother standing by her side.

“Why, you poor child! What is the matter?” said mother.

“Mother, I don’t want to be a lollipop girl,” said Babs. “I’ll never again eat so many lollipops.”

WILLIEDELL SCHAWNE



## Mother Goose in Health Land

Mother Goose

I'm Mother Goose, whom you all love.  
I have my magic broomstick here,  
And every time I tap the ground  
You'll see a friend appear.

Tommy Tucker

I'm little Tommy Tucker,  
Singing for my supper;  
What do I sing for?  
Milk and bread and butter.



Mary, Mary

I'm Mary, Mary, not contrary,  
My body is straight and sound.  
Good milk for me,  
No coffee or tea!  
That's how to keep well, I've found.

Tom, Tom

I'm Tom, Tom, the wise man's son,  
In fresh air I love to run.  
I take deep breaths, with chest held  
high;  
You all can do it, come and try.



Jack Horner

I'm little Jack Horner,  
I sat in a corner  
And wouldn't go out to play;  
But I feel so bad  
That I wish I had,  
For a headache came my way.

Bo-peep

I'm little Bo-Peep, I need lots of sleep,  
I go to bed bright and early.  
Windows wide are my great pride  
For I'm a Fresh Air girlie.

Boy Blue

I'm little Boy Blue, I blow my own horn;  
I've set a good fashion as sure as you're  
born,  
For out-of-door sleeping is now a great  
fad;  
'Twas my haycock did it and I'm mighty  
glad.





### Bobby Shaftoe

Bobby Shaftoe's going to sneeze ;  
Spray from sneezes spreads disease ;  
Cover your mouth quickly, please ;  
Bobby, use your hanky.

### Scholar

I'm a dillar, a dollar,  
A right-on-time scholar.  
What makes me look so bright?  
I work and play hard every day  
And sleep twelve hours each night.



### King Coal and King Wood

King Coal: I'm Old King Coal,  
A merry old soul.

King Wood: And I am his friend,  
King Wood.

Both: We both like to roar,  
Make the mercury soar,  
Then the room gets too hot  
For your good.

### Jack and Jill

We're Jack and Jill, we're never ill;  
Just hear our merry laughter;  
We scrub our hands before we eat  
And brush our teeth right after.

Mother Goose

I've many more children,  
Each with a rhyme,  
Perhaps you may hear them  
Some other time.

The lessons we're teaching  
Are ones you should know;  
A song we will sing you,  
And then we must go.

All Together (*Tune*: Sing a Song of Sixpence)

Sing a song of fresh air,  
Fresh air night and day,  
Fresh air while we're working,  
Fresh air while we play.

Open wide the windows,  
Keep them open wide,  
We shall all feel better  
With fresh air inside.

LOUISE F. BRAND





## What Tony Heard

### I

It was early one Saturday morning. No one seemed to be up, except Tony. He was always the first one to open his shop. This morning he walked down the street whistling a merry tune.

Tony was a plump man with rosy cheeks. He always seemed to be happy. He had many friends.



Tony's real name was Antonio, but the children started calling him Tony. No one would think of calling him anything else.

Tony came all the way from Italy, but he had lived in this country many years. He owned one of the cleanest fruit shops in the whole town.

His shop had glass windows across the front. He never put his fruits on the sidewalk in the dust. He kept them in neat rows inside the window. His screen door closed so tight that the flies could not get in.

Saturday morning, just as Tony came to his door, he heard a soft sound. He stopped. He knew the sound came from his shop.

He opened the door a little way and peeped into the shop. What do you suppose he saw?

## II

A flat brown fig was standing on the top of the fig basket. He was puffing out his little brown sides till he was almost round.

Tony heard him say, "My, I am glad to get out of that basket of figs. I have been packed so long that I can hardly stand."

"What is the trouble?" asked a long yellow banana, as he stuck his head out of a bunch of bananas.

"I was packed tight. I could not move," answered the little brown fig. He puffed himself out again.

"Where did you come from?" asked the banana.

"Oh, I came from across the water, just as Tony did. I came from Turkey," said the fig.

Tony smiled when he heard this. He

loved his little fruits and took good care of them.

“That is a long way,” said the yellow banana. “I came from Panama.”

Just then Tony heard a noise from the big orange box. The oranges were all wrapped in paper. He saw a sweet orange coming out of the paper.

When the orange was all out of the paper, it rolled up to the fig basket.

“My home is in Florida,” said the sweet orange to the little brown fig. “My brother and sister oranges go all over the world. Girls and boys like to eat us. We help to build the strong Houses of Health for them.”

“You are not the only one who helps boys and girls to grow,” said another little fruit.

When Tony saw who was talking, he almost laughed out loud. A big red

apple was dancing on the top of the apple barrel. He wanted everyone to look at him.

“See how clean I am!” said the big red apple. “Tony washes my face with clean water. He makes it shine with a clean white cloth. Children may eat apples winter or summer. They may eat us raw or baked.”

“You are pretty,” answered a lovely bunch of grapes. The grapes had wiggled up to the top of the grape barrel. “But look at us. We are pretty too. We help the children to grow. When we are dried, we are called raisins. The children sometimes eat us instead of candy.”

“Children eat us instead of candy too,” said the little brown fig and a soft little date.

Tony saw that the little date had jumped





up and was standing by the side of the fig.

“Don’t forget that I help,” cried roly-poly grapefruit. “I wish children would be more careful when they eat me. If they put too much sugar on me, they can’t taste how good I really am.”

“I wish Tony would tell the children more about me,” said a wee voice back of the door.

Tony had to put his head a little way into the shop. Then he could see a yellow lemon, who was bobbing up and down on the lemon basket.

“Children often forget to ask for lemonade at the store,” said the yellow lemon. “It makes me feel sad when they drink pop. I can do much more to help them grow. Lemonade is such a good drink too.”

Tony felt sorry for the yellow lemon.

“I will be sure to tell the boys and girls about lemonade,” thought Tony. “I don’t want any of my fruits to feel sad. I want all my little friends to grow big and strong.”

### III

Just then Tony heard some little feet coming patter, patter, patter down the sidewalk. He turned and there he saw Jack Jolly and Joy. They were running as fast as their legs would carry them.

They called, “Good morning, Tony. We got here almost as soon as you did.”

“Sh-h-h-h,” said Tony. He put his finger to his lips. “If you had only come a little sooner,” he whispered, “you might have heard what the fruits had to say.”

Jack Jolly and Joy tip-toed to the door and peeked in. But the fruits had



heard the patter, patter of their feet. All were in their places.

The little brown fig lay flat on the top of the fig basket. The sweet orange had rolled back into his paper. The long yellow banana had pulled his head back into the bunch of bananas.

“Oh, tell us what they said,” cried Joy

“Please do,” begged Jack.

As Tony filled a bag with fruit, he told them what he had heard. He said, “I do hope you will remember that the fruits are your friends.”

“Oh, we will do that,” said Joy. “We eat fruit every day.”

“Mother forgot to get fruit last night,” said Jack. “That is why we came to your shop so early. We always eat fruit for breakfast.”

As Jack Jolly and Joy were leaving the shop, Tony called them back. He



gave Joy a little brown fig. He gave a soft brown date to Jack Jolly.

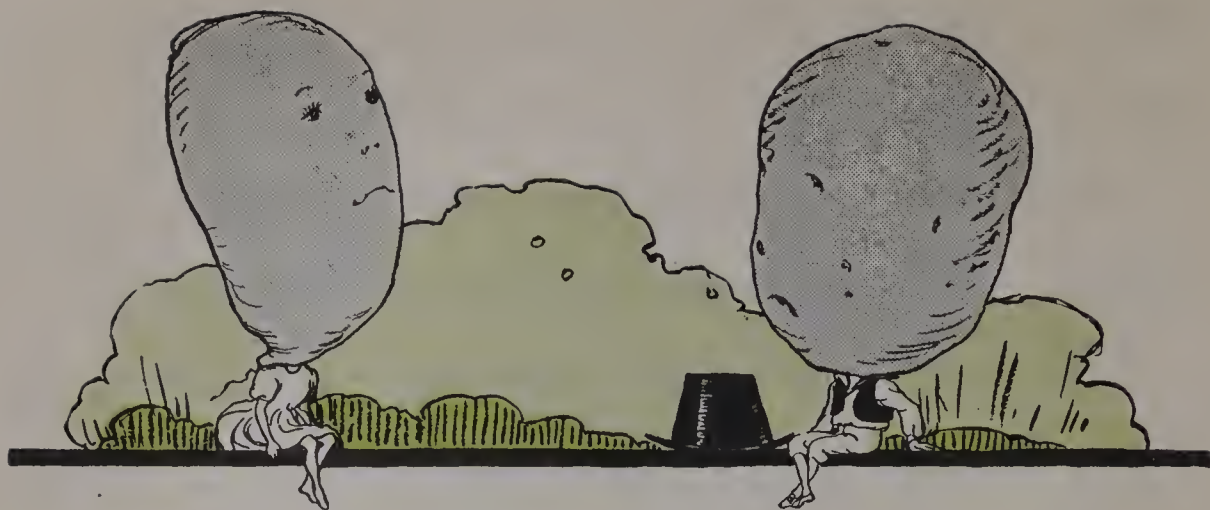
“Remember, these are sweet,” said Tony. “Eat these instead of candy.”

“Yes, we will remember. Thank you, Tony,” said Jack Jolly and Joy.

They ran home to tell mother what Tony had heard.

When the children had gone, Tony began to whistle a merry tune and put his shop in order for the day. Every little while he gave a soft laugh. He was thinking of what his fruits had said that morning.

WILLIEDELL SCHAWÉ



“Oh, goody!” said Jack as he sat down at the supper table. “I do like sweet potatoes. We haven’t had them for ever so long.”

“After supper, I will tell you a story of Patsy Irish Potato and Goldie Sweet Potato,” said his mother. “They are both good friends of all little children.”

### Patsy Irish Potato’s Story

Did you ever hear of potatoes talking? It must be true that they talk, for I once heard them. A nice brown potato named Patsy was talking with a lovely yellow one whose name was Goldie.

They were down in the cool cellar, where we keep our vegetables and fruits. I had gone down to pick out something to cook for dinner.

I heard a whisper as I started down the steps and I kept very still.

“Cooks treat you better than they do me,” Patsy Irish Potato was saying to Goldie.

“When they get you ready for dinner, they like to bake you just as you are. All your sweet yellow inside is not lost but stays in your jacket. Not one part of you is thrown into the pail for the pigs to eat.

“But poor, poor me!” Little Patsy Irish Potato had tears in all her eyes. “Cook takes a knife and peels and peels until there is hardly any of me left. If she were wise, she would scrub my jacket and bake me. Then my clean





brown jacket would help to sweep out the inside of someone's body."

"Well, Patsy, cooks use you more often than they do me," said Goldie Sweet Potato. "They forget all about me and I get very lonely. I almost wish I could change places with some other vegetable.

"My true friends know that my golden



body is as good food as your white body is. I may be a little better. I have more sugar in me."

"Oh, Goldie," said Patsy, "I do wish I could change a few of my eyes for a mouth. Then I could scream 'Danger' when people want to hurt themselves by doing bad things to me.

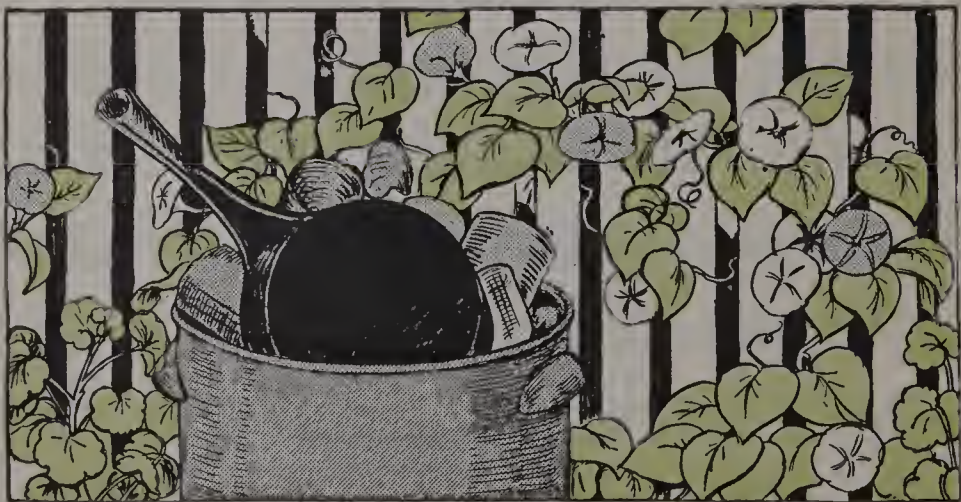
"If I had a mouth, I could whisper 'Bake me' or 'Boil me with my jacket on.' If they peel away my good food and fry me until I am hard and greasy, I could scream 'Danger, Danger.' I would make them listen to me.

"I could tell them that their aches and pains and bad dreams at night sometimes come because they eat me fried. All little boys and girls need me to help them build strong and beautiful Houses of Health, but I cannot build well when I am fried."

Patsy and Goldie were still talking when I came upstairs. It was nearly dinner time, so I couldn't listen any longer.

When I picked out some golden sweet potatoes for dinner, I thought I saw tears of joy in the eyes of the Goldie Sweet Potato that lay on top of the basket.

ELIZABETH MOORE LOWRY





One night mother found that the red toothbrush and the green toothbrush were dry. They were on the hooks belonging to Jack and Joy.

She looked into the children's room. They were sound asleep, so she did not wake them up. But the next night they heard a new bedtime story about Old Grouchy Man Toothache.





## Old Grouchy Man Toothache

Old Grouchy Man Toothache called his helpers to him one sunny morning in April.

“Why don’t you let me into Teddy Boy’s mouth?” he said. “I have been waiting here a long, long time. You just won’t pound a hole in any of his



teeth. You know very well I cannot get in if there are no holes there. Why do you not make some holes for me? Tell me!"

He scowled so hard that all his helpers were scared. The bravest one replied, "We have tried to make a place for you, Mr. Toothache. Every day for a month we have hopped into his mouth. We have rested on tiny bits of food that have stuck between his teeth or on his gums."

"Good! Good!" said Old Grouchy Man Toothache. "That is fine. But why don't you stay?"

"Alack and alas!" said his helper. "Just when we think we can make a start, he pushes in a toothbrush. And how he does brush! Oh me, oh my, up and down, over and across, round and round! He brushes the tops, the tongue,

the gums. We couldn't find a place to stay if we tried ever so hard.

"Once we thought sure we could stay. Teddy Boy came home late. He was sleepy and tired and could hardly wait to get into bed. How we laughed and danced !

"Now we can stay," we cried. "We will get in tight between two of his back teeth. We will hide so that he never can find us in the morning. In a little while Old Grouchy Man Toothache can come. Whoopee !"

"Yes, but why did I not come? Why did you not send for me?" said Old Grouchy Man Toothache.

"Ah, we could not," said his helpers. "He was nearly asleep, when suddenly he sat up. He climbed out of bed, put his feet into his little red bedroom slippers, and pattered quickly down the hall.

“His mother called to him, ‘What is it, son?’

“‘I forgot to brush my teeth, mother. Nobody in my school wants to be friendly with Old Grouchy Man Toothache,’ said Teddy Boy.”

Then Old Grouchy Man Toothache sent his helpers to another boy’s mouth because he felt certain that Teddy Boy was always going to remember.

THERESA DANSDILL







## Bedtime

The evening is coming,  
The sun sinks to rest,  
The crows are all flying home to the nest.  
“Caw,” says the crow as he flies over-  
head;

“It is time little people were going to  
bed.”

The flowers are closing,  
The daisy's asleep,  
The primrose is buried in slumber so deep,  
Closed for the night the roses so red;  
It is time little people were going to  
bed.



The butterfly drowsy  
Has folded its wings,  
The bees are returning, no more the birds  
sing.

Their labor is over, their nestlings are fed;  
It is time little people were going to bed.

Good-night, little people,  
Good-night and good-night,  
Sweet dreams to your eyelids till dawning  
of light.

The evening has come, there's no more to  
be said;

It is time little people were going to bed.

ALBERT E. WEIR

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## The Story of Twinkle

The White Owl told the story. He said he had known Twinkle for ever so many years. In all that time she had not grown the least bit older.

She was always the same gay little star. She went trotting around among all the great stars with nothing to do, because she was the smallest one in the whole sky.

She never kept still a minute, the White Owl said. She wanted to sit on the tip of the Little Bear's ear, but he would not let her.

Once she lost herself in the Milky Way. For days and days the White Owl didn't

see her, but one evening he saw her again.

There she was, perched on a cloud, looking just as pretty as ever. But the White Owl thought that she looked a little sad.

“What is the matter, Twinkle?” he asked.

“I am not very happy,” Twinkle called down sadly. “I haven’t anything to do up here in the sky and nobody seems to want me. I am so small.”

Now the White Owl was a kind old fellow. He had a fine warm heart under his feathers. He felt very sorry for Twinkle. So he thought he would try to cheer her by telling her the things he saw each night.

“You stay right there, Twinkle,” he said. “I’ll tell you about Dear Heart. She has not gone to sleep yet.”





“Who is Dear Heart?” asked Twinkle, leaning over the cloud to listen.

“She is a little, little girl,” said the White Owl. “She lives in the house down by the pine tree. She has had her supper and she has been put in a nice, cool, white bed. The lights in the nursery have been turned out.

“Dear Heart’s kitten is fast asleep by



the fire. The White Pony is fast asleep in his stall in the barn. The Teddy Bear is fast, fast asleep in the doll's house. But Dear Heart can't seem to close her eyes."

"What will you do about it?" Twinkle asked. She seemed to be very much interested.

"Oh, I'll do something," said the White Owl. "I will call the dream sheep."

The White Owl flapped his wings three times and called from the top of the pine tree:

"Too-whoo, too-whoo-oo!

Oh, what shall we do

To send Dear Heart to sleep — sleep?

Come, little white sheep,

Down a little white hill,

Following one by one, until

Seven are over, so white and so still."

“Do you see them?” asked the White Owl. “Are they coming?”

Yes, Twinkle could see them. They were coming slowly in a long line.

“One—two—three—four—five—six—seven, there!” she said. “The last one has gone by.”

“Sh!” said the White Owl, “or you will spoil it all. Why, bless me! Dear Heart is still awake.”

“What is to be done now?” Twinkle asked.

The White Owl scratched his head with one claw for a minute. Then he spoke softly.



“I fear it is really a case for the Sandman,” he said. “I don’t like to call him because he is such a busy old chap. But I suppose I shall have to ask him to help.”

Once more the White Owl flapped his wings three times and once more he called from the top of the pine tree:

“Too-whoo, too-whoo!  
Ah, what shall we do  
To put Dear Heart to sleep?  
Come, Sandman!”

“Do you see him anywhere in the road?” asked the White Owl.

“He is climbing in Dear Heart’s window,” said Twinkle. “He will sprinkle sand all around. Then she will close her eyes and go to sleep.”

“Sh, Twinkle! There he is coming out of the window. But bless me! He

has used all his sand and Dear Heart is not asleep," said the White Owl.

It really seemed as if there was nothing else to be done.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. The White Owl told it, so of course it is true.

Twinkle called softly down from the sky, "I am coming down. I think I am just big enough to put Dear Heart to sleep."

Twinkle gathered her rays around her just the way a fairy picks up her dress before she jumps. Then she fell — and fell — and fell some more.

She just touched the White Owl's head on the way down. On the spot where she kissed him, he has had a little patch of silver on his feathers ever since.

Then she sifted herself softly through the nursery blind and twinkled herself





over Dear Heart's bed. She filled Dear Heart's eyes so full of starshine that they had to shut to keep it all in. Dear Heart was asleep at last.

When she woke up in the morning, there was starlight in her eyes still.

And what do you suppose happened? Twinkle had set a fashion. When she

tumbled down from the sky, it made the other stars think they would like to try it too.

You never knew where falling stars went? Every one comes tumbling down to close some Dear Heart's sleepy eyes and to fill them with starlight in the morning.

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY





It was the night before Christmas, and Daddy had brought home a lovely holly wreath for the front window. Before Jack Jolly and Joy went to bed, mother told them a story about the red holly berry.

## How the Holly Berry Almost Lost Her Red Cheeks

### I

Once upon a time a bright red holly berry grew at the end of a branch in the South Land. The winds loved the little berry and touched her cheeks with red. The jolly sunbeams made her laugh.

One day the holly berry refused to play with the winds. She would not look



at the sunbeams. She crept under the edge of a leaf and pouted. Now that, you know, is strange for a holly berry.

The sunbeams were very much surprised and their feelings were the least bit hurt. They tried all their tricks to make her laugh.

They poked their fingers under the edge of the leaf and shone hard on it. They thought they could make her so hot that she would have to come out. She did get very warm, but still she would not play.

For two, three, four days she pouted. On the fourth day one of the sunbeams, whose name was Early Morn, said to the others, "Beams, we must do something. Holly Berry is getting pale."

"Pale? Is she really? What shall we do?" They all talked at once. They all tried to peek under the edge of the leaf and see what Holly Berry looked like.



“Ask the Snowbird. He will know,” answered Noon Ray, the wisest of the sunbeams.

“But who is the Snowbird? Where shall we find him?” asked the other sunbeams.

“Don’t you know where the Snowbird lives?” answered Noon Ray. “The Snowbird lives on the top of that tall pine tree away over there. There he is now.”

Sure enough, far off on the very top branch of a tall pine tree they saw a tiny bird.

The sunbeams started after him. They darted over the grass, and slipped through the leaves till they reached the pine tree. The Snowbird was perched on the top branch.

A Snowbird in his travels sees many things and knows many secrets.

“Snowbird,” the sunbeams cried, “can

you tell us what is the matter with Holly Berry? She stays under one corner of her leaf. She won't play with us or with the winds. What shall we do? She is beginning to look ill."

"Holly Berry, Holly Berry," answered the Snowbird, sitting down on the branch and rubbing his left ear. "What have I heard about a holly berry? Where does she live?"

"She lives in a hollow next to that red barn over there," said Early Morn. "Three days ago she suddenly left us when we were playing and ran under a corner of her leaf. She won't look at us and won't come out to play. She is getting very pale. What should we do about it?"

Early Morn could say no more as he had no more breath.

"Yes, we must do something," the



Snowbird answered, scratching his head.  
“But I can’t remember what to do.”

After a moment he said, “Of course, of course. East Wind told me about her. I know all about it. We will go to see her. She must not lose her red cheeks, because then she wouldn’t be a holly berry. I don’t know what she would be. Of course, she might be something like a snowberry — white, you know.”

“Oh-h-h,” cried all the sunbeams. “That would be too bad. Let’s hurry.”

## II

The Snowbird flew over the fields, over trees, over houses, and over a river that danced along with the sunbeams.

The sunbeams could not travel as slowly as the Snowbird. But they knew it would not be polite to leave him, so they did their best to go slow.

Holly Berry saw them coming. When they left her to go to the Snowbird, she had peeked from under the leaf to see if they were coming back. When they did not come, she was surprised and a little bit hurt.

Now when she saw them coming, she ran back into the corner of her leaf. She was happy to see them, but, of course, she would not let them know it.



The Snowbird perched on a branch near her and began to sing. And what a song! It scolded and laughed until Holly Berry lifted her head to listen. Then she came very slowly toward the center of the leaf.

“Holly Berry,” he sang, “long ago the East Wind told me that a day might come when the winds could not tip your cheeks with red. On that day the sunbeams could not make you laugh. I did not believe him, but now I see he was right.

“When you were made, the fairies put you on a green bush and called the four



winds and the golden sun to make you beautiful.

“The East Wind, the North Wind, the South Wind, and the West Wind brought their pots of red paint. They carry it to paint the cheeks of boys and girls. This day they used the paint to make you lovely. They painted your cheeks until they were a beautiful red.

“They brought you other gifts too. South Wind brought you gentleness. West Wind gave you joy. North Wind gave you strength, and East Wind, happiness.

“West Wind said to you, ‘Oh, Holly Berry, as long as you live with the winds and the sun, you will be beautiful. But if a day ever comes when you refuse to play with them, your cheeks will no longer be red. The gifts of gentleness, joy, strength, and happiness will leave you.’



“East Wind said that day might come, but the rest of the winds just thought he was being cross.”

As the Snowbird stopped, the sun came out. There on her holly branch, shining in the sun, was Holly Berry. She looked a little ashamed and a little pale. She was not really a naughty holly berry and she had not understood.

I have known a few little boys and girls who were just like her and who would not play in the sun and the wind.

I could never understand why they would not.

This, dear children, is the story of how the winds and the sun and the wise Snowbird saved the holly berry from losing her red cheeks.

ELIZABETH JARRARD







Jack and Joy liked to visit their grandfather. He lived on a big farm in the country.

They liked to play with the wee, wee piggies on the farm and the baby lambs and the little calf.

After they had read “Three Little Pigs and a Wishing Ring,” they had new names for three of the wee piggies.



## Three Little Pigs and a Wishing Ring

### I

In a large wood near a little village there once lived three little pigs — Bunny, Frisky, and Winky. They lived all alone in a cave.

They had not always been alone. For a time they had lived happily with their mother, but a sad thing had happened.



One day she went out after food and never returned. Her children waited and watched until it was dark. What could have happened? The three little pigs sat in the back of the cave, too frightened to move.

Suddenly a tiny light twinkled at the door. A cheerful voice called, "Hello there! Is anyone at home?"

In hopped kind old Jack Rabbit with his carrot lantern. Jack always carried a carrot lantern after sunset. He said that he liked carrots at night as well as in the daytime. He liked them inside almost as well as outside!

Well, I can tell you that no one ever had a more hearty welcome than did Mr. Rabbit from those three frightened little pigs.

Jack Rabbit said he was sorry that he had something very sad to tell them.

Their mother would never return. A man had taken her away.

At this sad news, two great tears rolled down Bunny's cheeks. Frisky's and Winky's mouths popped wide open to let out a scream.

But Jack Rabbit quickly said that he knew their mother wanted her children to be brave little pigs. She wanted them to help each other and to do the best they could. He said that Fairy Goodheart had come with him because she wanted to help them.

A fairy! Coming to help them! That would be wonderful.

Then Fairy Goodheart stood before them with something round and shining in her hand.

"Dear children," she said, "I can help you if you will help yourselves. You cannot live without food. But food is



hard for little pigs to get. So here is a wishing ring.

“If you will bathe in the Crystal Pool near the big oak in the wood, and then wish, you will be changed into children for just one hour. You can go to the village and buy food without having anything happen to you.

“Remember,” she said, “you must bathe in the pool. Remember that you will be children only one hour each time. Use your gift wisely and well.”

What a wonderful and lovely gift! The little pigs thanked Fairy Goodheart and kind Jack Rabbit over and over again.

That night there was very little sleep for anyone in the cave. They were sad at the loss of their mother, and excited over what was to happen next day.



## II

Very early in the morning the three little pigs hurried to the Crystal Pool near the big oak in the wood. Bunny jumped in. But Frisky and Winky stood on the edge of the pool. How they did hate water!

Their good mother had found it very hard to make them wash their faces and their round pink noses before eating. It

was even harder to make them take a bath.

But at last they jumped into the pool. Soon two proud little girls and one little boy, who had once been little pigs, were walking to the village store to buy food for the day.

It was fun to go to the village to talk with other boys and girls. Frisky and Winky began to jump and splash in the Crystal Pool many times a day.

They grew to love water instead of hating it. They were so clean and fresh that it was a joy to look at them.

They felt well too. They were jolly and frisky and happy when they splashed out of that pool. They laughed and danced and sang.

But you know what children do when they have no dear mother to watch over them. Little pig boys and girls are like



real boys and girls. They have just as sweet a tooth.

At first the little pigs bought the kind of food their mother had given them. But the pies and cakes and candy in the shops looked so good that soon Frisky and Winky were buying them all the time. They would not listen to Bunny.

Then there was trouble! You know — aches and pains; cross, ugly manners instead of happy, polite ones; and bad tempers in place of jolly ones!

### III

Frisky should have been called Grumpy now. One day he slapped Winky. Winky might have laughed, because it really didn't hurt. But she opened her mouth as wide as she could and screamed.

Poor Bunny! She was so tired because of these bad, ugly ways that she jumped





into the pool and wished. Then she went to the village alone. Something was wrong and she wanted to ask someone to help her.

She stopped to peep in at the door of the little red schoolhouse. She liked to listen to the children. She liked to

watch the school nurse. Bunny liked to look at her. She was so fresh and clean in her white dress.

When Bunny reached the door, she heard the nurse say, "Each part of our wonderful bodies needs a certain kind of food to make it grow. If you do not give your body the right food, it tries to tell you by aches and pains. That is the only way the body has of talking to you. These aches and pains make you unhappy.

"We all want strong, healthy bodies. We must do our share by giving our bodies what they need. It is the only way they can get it."

Then the nurse began to place on the blackboard some bright posters of children and foods. Bunny's eyes were shining as she watched.

"Now," said the nurse, "how will you

tell your bodies that you understand them and will help them? There is something that every one of you wants to do. Your bodies want to do their share."

Many little hands went up into the air.

The nurse smiled and said, "What do you want to tell us, Charles?"

Charles stood up. "I want to play football," he said. "I shall have to have strong muscles. I am going to drink a quart of milk every day. I am going to eat the other kinds of foods that build up the muscles. I shall eat beans, peas, cheese, eggs, and nuts, and a little meat or fish."

"Your muscles won't cry for food if you do that, Charles," said the nurse.

Then she saw that Mary's hand was up. "What is it, dear?" the nurse asked. She looked kindly at pale little Mary.

"The boys laugh at me because I am





little," said Mary. "I want to grow big and strong. I must eat the foods that will help me grow. I am going to drink just as much milk as my mother will give me. I shall eat fresh fruit and some leafy vegetables, like cabbage or spinach or lettuce, once every day. I shall eat eggs instead of fish or meat some days."

The nurse laughed. "You won't b



little Mary long, if you do that," she said.

"Now, Tony, it is your turn."

"I shall have to work hard to help my mother and my little brother and sister, because my father is dead," said Tony. "I am going to eat oatmeal and milk for my breakfast, and rice with cheese for my dinner, and brown bread and milk for my supper."

"But don't forget the fruits and vegetables," said the nurse.

"Oh, no! I have a garden with cabbage, carrots, lettuce, tomatoes, and other vegetables in it. No, I won't forget!" replied Tony.

Pretty little Josie, who liked her own way, said, "I shall have to tell you what I am not going to do. Everyone says I am spoiled because my mother lets me eat anything I want. Perhaps I am.

“But I am not going to cry for tea and coffee any more. I am not going to eat cakes and candy between meals. I am not going to eat fried cakes and jam for my breakfast. And I won’t eat much meat for my dinner.”

Then the corners of her mouth dropped. “Oh, dear,” she said, “I know I shall starve. Those are the only things I like to eat!”

“You are a brave little girl,” said the nurse, putting her arm about Josie and giving her a hug. “You won’t starve. After you eat fresh vegetables and fruits and cereals and milk, you will feel much better. You will like those foods better than you ever liked the others. You will not have headaches as you do now. You will not feel tired and cross.”



#### IV

Bunny slipped away from the school-house door and ran back through the woods as fast as she could go.

“Oh, I am so glad. I am so glad!” she said. “Now I know we have been eating the wrong things. That has made us cross. Frisky and Winky will have to listen to me.”

Frisky and Winky did listen. They



were glad to hear about the school, the nurse, and the pictures. They were tired of feeling cross and sick.

Winky said, "If the nurse will tell us just what to eat, I will try if Frisky will."

After a minute Frisky said, "Well, yes, I will too!"

And they did. Instead of being three silly little pigs, sick and cross and grumpy, they became three wise little pigs, happy and healthy and hearty.

What three wise little pigs can do, all wise children can do also!

MARGARET E. GREENWOOD AND  
ELEANOR M. FONDA

This is the play that the children in Jack Jolly and Joy's room gave on the last day of school. They had played the game of "Building My House of Health" the whole year.

### The House That Health Built

This play is like the story of "The House that Jack Built."

In the play we have six children.

Each child holds a poster in front of him.

The pictures on the posters show

1. A girl who looks happy and healthy
2. One quart of milk
3. Cereals
4. Vegetables
5. Eggs, fish, and meat
6. Fruit



Number One

This is the girl, so happy and gay,  
Who lives in the house that Health built.

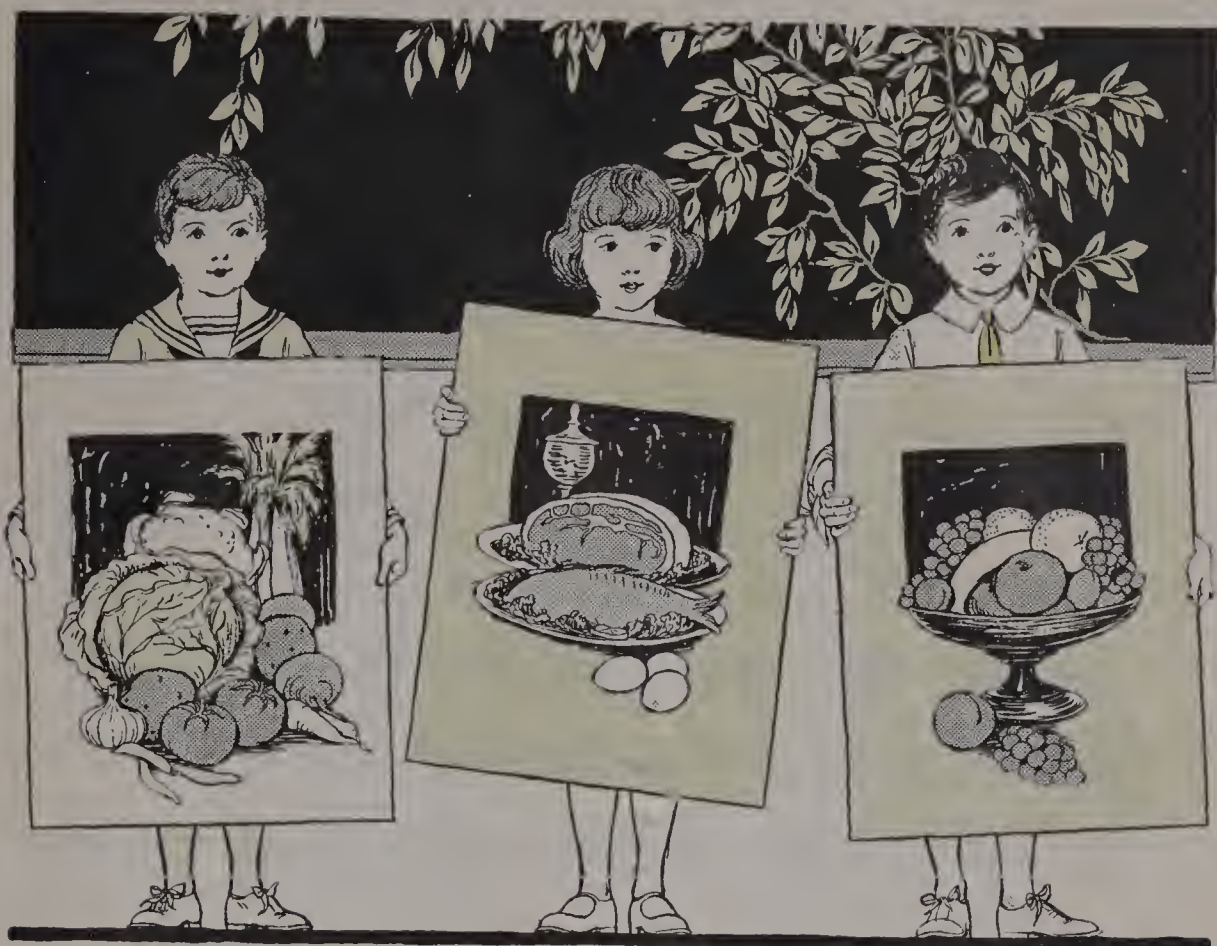
Number Two

This is the milk, one quart a day,  
A perfect food that knows the way,

Numbers One and Two

To make the girl so happy and gay,  
Who lives in the house that Health built.





Number Three

These are the cereals, full of food,  
That make this girl grow well and good ;

Numbers One, Two, and Three

To eat with the milk, one quart a day,  
A perfect food that knows the way  
To make the girl so happy and gay,  
Who lives in the house that Health built.

#### Number Four

These are the vegetables, fresh and green,  
That contain a something called vitamine,

Numbers One, Two, Three, and Four

Besides the cereals, full of food,  
That make this girl grow well and good;  
To eat with the milk, one quart a day,  
A perfect food that knows the way  
To make the girl so happy and gay,  
Who lives in the house that Health built.

#### Number Five

These are the eggs, the fish, and the meat,  
A little of which each day she may eat,

Numbers One, Two, Three, Four, and Five

With some of the vegetables, fresh and  
green,

That contain a something called vitamine,  
Besides the cereals, full of food,  
That make this girl grow well and good;  
To eat with the milk, one quart a day,

A perfect food that knows the way  
To make the girl so happy and gay,  
Who lives in the house that Health built.

Number Six

These are the fruits, she loves them all,  
Winter, summer, spring, and fall,

Numbers One, Two, Three, Four, Five, and Six  
As well as the eggs, the fish, and the meat,  
A little of which each day she may eat,  
With some of the vegetables, fresh and  
green,

That contain a something called vitamine,  
Besides the cereals, full of food,  
That make this girl grow well and good;  
To eat with the milk, one quart a day,  
A perfect food that knows the way  
To make the girl so happy and gay  
Who lives in the house that Health built.



All (Holding posters so that they look like the walls of a house)

If you wish to be healthy and happy and  
gay,

Eat us and drink us every day.

SARAH E. BOWER















